

The Democrat.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1871.

VOL. 17.—NO. 24.

Select Poetry.

WHAT IS EARTH?
What is earth, sexton?
A place to dig graves,
What is earth, rich man?
A place to work slaves,
What is earth, graybeard?
A place to grow old,
What is earth, miser?
A place to dig gold,
What is earth, school boy?
A place for my play,
What is earth, maiden?
A place to be gay,
What is earth, sea-sucker?
A place where I weep,
What is earth, sluggard?
A good place to sleep,
What is earth, soldier?
A place to be killed,
What is earth, herdsman?
A place to raise cattle,
What is earth, widow?
A place to cry sorrow,
What is earth, tradesman?
I'll tell you to-morrow,
What is earth, sick man?
Tis nothing to me,
What is earth, sailor?
My home is the sea,
What is earth, statesman?
A place to give laws,
What is earth, author?
I'll write there my name,
What is earth, monarch?
For my realm it is given,
What is earth, Christian?
The passage to Heaven.

THE DONATION PARTY.

"Why, of all things—when did you get home?" said the merry Mrs. Belles, as she entered her cheerful parlor at ten o'clock on Thanksgiving night, and found her husband sitting moodily alone, having just returned from a trip to New York, and she shook him heartily by the hand, and left her kiss of true wife affection upon his lip; he still keeping his seat and looking as if he had ran off the track or had his consignment of merchandise sunk to the bottom of Lake Erie.

"How long have you been here?" she again asked, not heeding his silence.

"An hour or two."

"Come down to the parlor?"

"The gentleman nodded."

"Been well?" she continued, drawing off her gloves, unpinning her shawl, and laying off her hat.

"Middling."

"Oh," she exclaimed, shaking her curls, "how I wish you had got home before night, that you might have gone with me to the donation party; we had the nicest time—I would have given anything if you had been there; I have not seen a merrier party this many a day; Oh, I wish you had come sooner."

"Perhaps you had better save your regrets, for I am very sure I should not have gone had I been at home, and peradventure you might have suffered at home as well as if you have been so highly delighted with your party, make the best of it. You know I am no friend to such doings."

"But, Edward, you could not have helped being pleased to-night, by my very heart is fluttered with joy, not to be there, but returning thanks to the Heavenly Father, by giving of our good gifts to the poor and needy."

"The poor and needy," he repeated with a sneer, "is it Parson Allen you call poor and needy, whose wife wears a better bonnet and eats better dinners than nine out of every ten of his flock?"

"No, not Parson Allen—pshaw, Edward, do you think I would talk about Parson Allen as poor and needy?"

"Well, the Rev. C. Minor, with ten thousand at interest?"

"No, no."

"Well, I shan't guess again, for this whole system of donation parties is a kind of fraud upon the public, and I am very sorry, indeed, that you have been induced (because I was absent) to give your aid and countenance to such things."

"All this was said with a surly tone. Mary, the light-hearted, loving, true and gentle Mary, who had been at home four weeks as merry as a bird over her summer nest, now sitting in duty and in care, choked up a little; but though the tears welled up her eyelids, the smile could not leave her brow, and love whispered in her ear, "he is weary and sleepy, and was disappointed that you were not at home to welcome him when he came." So she shut straight into the little door of the parlor stove, upon the glowing coals there, turned into dark ashes, and thought how much like the warm crust of love of her own heart they were just that minute; a love that had been warming a whole room all evening; a love that had been sparkling and radiating till all about her was warmth and likely to be turned suddenly into ashes because the husband chose to put it out instead of adding fresh fuel to warm and cheer his cold soul.

But Mary was a sensible little woman, so she looked straight into the stove, and patted the top of her pretty gaiter on the soft rug, turned her marriage ring round and round on her finger but never said a word.

Edward Belles looked straight into the stove door too, wishing in his heart that he had not been such a petulant fellow to himself off his beautiful, loving wife for so earthly reason, only that he had got home one day sooner than he had promised and found her out at a donation party. But "hang it all," thought he to himself, "how shall I get out of the scrape?" Thus thinking, thus feeling, they both looked into the stove door for five minutes.

"This won't do," thought he, "I must come round some how," and he drew his finger ends through his whiskers, and looking a whole minute longer; then clearing his throat began in a softened tone.

"I don't know but I am most too savage on your donation parties, Mary; but it has always seemed to me, that if people must have a minister they ought to pay him and not walk without grudging or grumbling, then I pay a tax upon the whole community to relieve them of their burdens, and if they can't pay cheerfully owing to their poverty let him go. May be I am wrong in my estimate; but I have guessed three times, suppose you tell me now where you have given your donation to-night that has set my heart to flutter so joyfully."

And Edward, who after all was a very fond husband, drew her hand in his and looked up with a clear brow for his answer.

"You know, Edward, how many times we have talked about the good Mrs. Brown. After raising a great family of her own, and struggling through all sorts of sorrow, sickness and trial, to be left a widow dependent upon her own hands would have seemed a sad destiny; but in her old age, to be compelled to raise a second family, to take the

babes of her daughter and rear them in her arms, to become the second mother of all those of whom she seemed a hard fate, and so we, a few of us know, (I don't know who hardly) said "let us give the widow Brown a donation party, and all said agreed, and to work we went. Every man and woman we met said yes; she nursed my wife when she was sick," said Mr. Scott; "she took care of my little Henry when he had his arm broken," said Mr. Jones; "My other Brown, to be sure I'll help," responded Judge Fry; "she has put the first slip on my children, God bless her," dear grandmother Brown; "I'll do all I can," said the fashionable Mrs. O'Reilly; "she was with my little Nettie, and laid her dear little form into the coffin," "help her?" yes—by hooky," said the rough butcher, Hopkins. "She ought to be supported by the public, and never know want, for poor widow as she has been for fifteen years, she has never let anybody want that she could help, and I've known her many a time, when she was carrying bread with her to a quarter of a day and heard herself drop all and go and nurse two or three days at a time, with those that were too poor to help her a mite, and now she has them children to care for. By hooky, I'll give in my donation with a free hand."

"And so it went; everybody willing to help the widow in her need, and we got up the donation party for the widow for our Thanksgiving night, and oh! how glad our hearts have been made, in making the widow's cup to overflow with joy—in returning thanks to our Heavenly Father for giving of our abundance to relieve the wants of the widow, grandmother and orphaned little ones. Yes, Edward, my heart has fluttered with joy; just there was so much of the angelic in human heart; joy that in this good land there is enough for all, and that so many great and good minds are pleading for the right of all to live and love; joy that every day the work of charity and benevolence goes on, and that woman is beginning to think and feel for woman and for the oppressed, and to call upon her neighbors to try their offering of sympathy upon the altars of suffering hearts. Edward, dear as you are to me, dearer than life, even your frown and colder words at this moment of our meeting could not banish that heavenly sweet from my heart, and I aged widow's "God bless you," and her tear of gratitude had shed in there. Would that every village and every town would use their Thanksgiving as we have done to-day; then indeed, would it become a time of thanksgiving and prayer, acceptable alike to man and God."

Edward Belles bent his head low upon the hand of his lovely and loving wife, and a tear fell upon that working ring, and washed away the salt of his tears, and that but now had caused it to twirl upon that gentle finger, and a deep earnest "God bless you, my Mary," made them again as one.

A Gentle Hint.

Old Deacon Hopkins was a worthy soul and generally respected for his outward show of piety and religious zeal; and I have no doubt that he felt at heart most of the people.

But the Deacon had his weaknesses. In a certain direction he was troubled with a morbid desire. His chief employment was the making of soap from ashes which he gathered in the neighborhood; and in making his soap he was obliged to keep two or three kettles of fuel boiling to which end an abundance of fuel was necessary.

Now it so happened that the Deacon's neighbor was Captain Jack Payson, whose calling kept him upon salt water the greater part of the time. Captain Jack was a great hand to keep his family supplied with fire-wood, and as he owned an extensive forest lot, he often had a vast pile of it cut and hauled to his house, and there worked up and stacked. It furthermore chanced that the rear door of the good Deacon's soap house opened directly upon the rear of Captain Jack's wood pile. The temptation was strong. Surely, there could be no harm in taking a few of the scattering sticks; the Captain would never miss them.

But the disease grew upon the necessity of feeding the fire, and he found that the old soul that the Captain would never miss the abstracted fuel. But he was destined to rather an unlooked for and unpleasant enlightenment, as we shall soon see.

The question was up before the church of independent dissenters, and the matter was decided. One of the singers had a base viol, which he was willing to play if the brethren would permit, and both he and the chorister declared that it would help singing wonderfully. But this was before the days of "free will" were tolerated in sacred places, and several of the brethren objected. Deacon Hopkins was enthusiastic and bitter in his opposition. At a full meeting of the church he expressed himself decidedly.

Captain Jack, who chanced to be on street, was present, and favored the introduction of the viol.

"Bring it in!" cried the Deacon, "and I will go out!" "I'm not seen here where that big fiddle is tolerated."

"Will you stick to that pledge, Deacon?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, sir," replied the irate functionary.

"Then," said Captain Jack, with a curious twinkle of the eye, "you shan't be troubled with the fiddle in the church. I will buy it and hang it upon my wood pile."

The poor Deacon skinned away behind his enormous shirt collar, while the friends of the big fiddle carried their point.

One after another, the newspapers are giving their testimony against putting on black as a sign of mourning. The Pittsburgh *United Presbyterian* says: "A family will show us in black for years, as an expression of sorrow for one of its dead. That one may be in heaven, rejoicing with joy unspeakable, while relatives on earth are moving about in heavy and sombre garments, making their lives as gloomy as they can. There is a fitness in the year, as an expression of sorrow." It also objects to the practice on the ground of its expense to the poor.

"I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a vehement United States Senator to President Lincoln, in an argument. "I accept," replied the President; "any trifle among friends has a value."

The difference between a baby and a coat is this: The coat is what you wear, and the baby is what you were.

A sweet girl is a sort of divinity to whom even the scriptures do not forbid us to render "lip-service."

Remarks of HON. GLENN W. SCOFIELD, January 28th, 1871.

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"Mr. Speaker, this is a bill to authorize certain leaders of the late rebellion to hold office. All the other leaders and all the rank and file have that privilege already. A small number, understood to be the contrivers of as well as actors in the revolt, are excluded by the fourteenth amendment from places of trust. The exclusion covers only those who were guilty not only of the crime of treason, but of that treason which was to tear it down. France laid the foundation of another revolution when she recalled her Bourbon rulers. I am not yet prepared to follow this unwise example. Gentlemen talk of conciliation, forgiveness, magnanimity, clemency! Sir, we have exhausted all these sentiments in our treatment of the country's enemies. Weakness, folly, cowardice, self-destruction, are more fitting words for the action proposed."

The Professor in Shaftes.

In the fifth chapter of the Rev. Elijah Kellogg's college story, now in course of publication as a serial in *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, appears the following droll narrative:

A singular illustration of the extent to which theory often fails in practice was furnished by a venerated professor—a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text books in many of our institutions—and occurred within the compass of my own knowledge, and also in the presence of my own eyes.

He went to Bethel, on his return he spent the Sabbath at Lewiston. Monday morning he was told the horse was sick. Nevertheless, he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down, and broke both thighs. He then called for a doctor, and also for a veterinarian for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home. When the driver came they lashed the two vehicles together and started. All went well till they came to the first long steep hill between Lewiston and Bethel, and also the professor held a consultation. The Professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said, "Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent, make the horse out; I will get into the chaise."

"Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is very strong, and so is the arm-girth."

"But the horse, Mr. Chandler—it is too much for the horse, being strong, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and manage it much better than the horse."

"If the horse can't hold it, you can't."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematics the study of a lifetime."

"I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir; but I know that a horse understands his own business—which is handling a load on a hill—better than any professor in the United States. I was set up here by my employer, who confides in me, to take care of his property; if you will take the business out of my hands, and be horse yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences."

The Professor had a habit, when a little excited, of giving a nervous twitch at the angle of his eye with his right hand.

"I," he replied, with a most emphatic twitch, "assume all responsibility."

The driver, in reality, nothing but to witness the operation, took out the horse and held him by the bridle; and the professor getting into the chaise, took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just ascending the hill, and the professor, a little over his strength, when the Professor tried upon a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward and increase the velocity of his load so much that he was forced to walk back, and when he had reached the slanting position—with his shoulders thrown well back and feet broad, which he had at first adopted—for a perpendicular one. At length he was pushed into a rut; the carriages were going at a fearful rate. At the bottom of the hill was a sharp curve, and the professor, in the excitement of the moment, was between Seyla and Charlydis, going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking both on each side, and the shafts of the hind or one slipped; it ran into the forward one, breaking the fender and both vehicles turned over down hill with a tremendous crash, the learned gentleman describing a parabola in his fall, and the professor, in landing some rods away. He rose, and he landed a dirtier and wiser man, knees knicked, pantaloons torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake underneath the hind carriage, and looking round, he exclaimed, "Is it possible I could have been so much deceived as to the mountain? It was prodigious?"

"I don't know anything about mountains," replied Chandler, "but I know something about horses. I know it makes a mighty difference about holding back a load on a steep hill, whether a horse has two legs or four, and whether he weighs a hundred and seventy-five or twelve hundred pounds."

It cost the Professor thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents to ascertain how much horsepower he represented.

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A singular illustration of the extent to which theory often fails in practice was furnished by a venerated professor—a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text books in many of our institutions—and occurred within the compass of my own knowledge, and also in the presence of my own eyes.

He went to Bethel, on his return he spent the Sabbath at Lewiston. Monday morning he was told the horse was sick. Nevertheless, he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down, and broke both thighs. He then called for a doctor, and also for a veterinarian for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home. When the driver came they lashed the two vehicles together and started. All went well till they came to the first long steep hill between Lewiston and Bethel, and also the professor held a consultation. The Professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said, "Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent, make the horse out; I will get into the chaise."

"Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is very strong, and so is the arm-girth."

"But the horse, Mr. Chandler—it is too much for the horse, being strong, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and manage it much better than the horse."

"If the horse can't hold it, you can't."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematics the study of a lifetime."

"I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir; but I know that a horse understands his own business—which is handling a load on a hill—better than any professor in the United States. I was set up here by my employer, who confides in me, to take care of his property; if you will take the business out of my hands, and be horse yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences."

The Professor had a habit, when a little excited, of giving a nervous twitch at the angle of his eye with his right hand.

"I," he replied, with a most emphatic twitch, "assume all responsibility."

The driver, in reality, nothing but to witness the operation, took out the horse and held him by the bridle; and the professor getting into the chaise, took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just ascending the hill, and the professor, a little over his strength, when the Professor tried upon a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward and increase the velocity of his load so much that he was forced to walk back, and when he had reached the slanting position—with his shoulders thrown well back and feet broad, which he had at first adopted—for a perpendicular one. At length he was pushed into a rut; the carriages were going at a fearful rate. At the bottom of the hill was a sharp curve, and the professor, in the excitement of the moment, was between Seyla and Charlydis, going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking both on each side, and the shafts of the hind or one slipped; it ran into the forward one, breaking the fender and both vehicles turned over down hill with a tremendous crash, the learned gentleman describing a parabola in his fall, and the professor, in landing some rods away. He rose, and he landed a dirtier and wiser man, knees knicked, pantaloons torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake underneath the hind carriage, and looking round, he exclaimed, "Is it possible I could have been so much deceived as to the mountain? It was prodigious?"

"I don't know anything about mountains," replied Chandler, "but I know something about horses. I know it makes a mighty difference about holding back a load on a steep hill, whether a horse has two legs or four, and whether he weighs a hundred and seventy-five or twelve hundred pounds."

It cost the Professor thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents to ascertain how much horsepower he represented.

Remarks of HON. GLENN W. SCOFIELD, January 28th, 1871.

The House, under previous order, having met as in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Scofield, on the Amnesty bill, said:

"Mr. Speaker, this is a bill to authorize certain leaders of the late rebellion to hold office. All the other leaders and all the rank and file have that privilege already. A small number, understood to be the contrivers of as well as actors in the revolt, are excluded by the fourteenth amendment from places of trust. The exclusion covers only those who were guilty not only of the crime of treason, but of that treason which was to tear it down. France laid the foundation of another revolution when she recalled her Bourbon rulers. I am not yet prepared to follow this unwise example. Gentlemen talk of conciliation, forgiveness, magnanimity, clemency! Sir, we have exhausted all these sentiments in our treatment of the country's enemies. Weakness, folly, cowardice, self-destruction, are more fitting words for the action proposed."

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MILLWRIGHTING.

H. T. FARNSWORTH,
Would inform Mill owners, and those desirous of having Mills built, that he is prepared to build and repair either Circular or Muley Saw Mills, and Great Mills after the latest improved patterns. He has also for sale an Improved Water Wheel, which he guarantees to give satisfaction in regard to power and speed. His motto is, to do work so as to give perfect satisfaction. Those wishing further information will be promptly answered by addressing him at Clearfield, Clearfield county, Pa. Write your name and address plain.
April 20, 1870-ly.

STUMPS! STUMPS!!

The undersigned have purchased the right of Clearfield county for Enoch Farnsworth's Stump Extractor, patented June 17th, 1870. This is the best and most convenient, most durable, and best machine of the day. Wet weather will not affect it, the working part being all of iron. The machine is easily set up, and will work any size stump that can be plowed. We will sell machines at a small profit on cost, and will try to make it to the advantage of farmers to buy them. We solicit orders from those wanting machines.
H. T. FARNSWORTH,
Geo. H. Hall, Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Clearfield, Pa., July 13, 70.

HOME INDUSTRY!

ROOTS AND SHOES

Made to Order at the Lowest Rates.

The undersigned would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity to his new store on Market street, near the corner of Hartwick & Irwin's drug store, where he is prepared to make or repair anything in his line.

Orders entrusted to him will be executed with promptness, strength and neatness, and all work warranted as represented.

I have now on hand a stock of extra French calf skins, superb gaiter tops, etc., which I will sell up at the lowest figures.
June 13th, 1869. DANIEL CONNELLY

WE OFFER FOR SALE, AT PAR

The New Masonic Temple Loan.

Bearing 7 3-10 Interest,
Redeemable after five (5) and within twenty-one (21) years.

The bonds are registered and will be issued in sums to suit.

DEHAVEN & BRO.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Stocks bought and sold on commission. Gold and Government bonds bought and sold. Accounts received and interest allowed, subject to eight drafts.

March 2, 1870-ly, Jan 4-71

MEN'S,

YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

The undersigned having recently added

READY-MADE CLOTHING

to his former business, would respectfully solicit an examination of his stock. Being a practical Tailor he flatters himself that he is able to offer a better class of ready-made work than has heretofore been brought to this market.